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After the economical, sensible girl has decided upon her winter sleeves, she turns her attention to her collars and collarettes. Those are really the only parts of her costume that require much thought. The careless, extravagant creatures have a few extras, such as jet and fur skirt trimmings, and blouse pearl and braid effects; but the sensible girl eschews all such, and devotes herself to levers and necks. "Shall I wear my sleeves to-night?" hesitatingly asked one girl of another. By "sleeves" you must know, she referred to a simple black gown, whose only trimmings were huge sleeves and crush stock of the latest purple velvet. The outlay for the sleeve material was ten dollars; that for the black of the dress considerably less. Therefore the costume became simply a matter of "sleeves," and was never designated in other fashion.

But it is of collars and shoulder trimmings I would prate. They follow the sharp and clear-cut style of the winter maid, punctuated in her Vandyke fashion. A velvet and heavy Venetian point combination gives the key to almost all of her creations. It is a pretty mirror velvet, of pale sage green, falling over each shoulder in a not-full ruffle. Each ruffle is edged with a heavy Venetian lace—a Vandyke formed of five or six rows of small points. In front there is no velvet, only a yoke of the lace, cut in a large, broad point. Of course, the collar is crush, with headings sticking out here and there. The velvet is so extremely soft and fine that it is almost satin to the careless observer.

There are all sorts of combinations—ruffles, links and emulutes; and almost everything is legitimate, so there be a Vandyke somewhere. Cream Vandykes, small and narrow, fall over deep shoulder flouncings of gold-spangled and jetted lace. Or the yoke is of black, and the cream Vandykes are over the shoulder, or the points lie flat and close to a velvet or satin below. Or the lovely nets are festooned so that point effects are produced—over shoulders or yoke or both. These nets are embroidered in pearl wheels, touched with colored silk embroideries and lightly flecked with single or triple pearls between. Or they are seeded with fine beads of a soft tint, say the lotus green, and have a pointed green edge. The flat effects, however, are in much better taste than the elaborate festoons. A dainty figure is made of fine Irish point, and lies quite flat over the rich velvet beneath. There are flat shoulder pieces of the lace, also, lying over each velvet sleeve.

Many of the fronts have sable and other fur bands introduced, lying over seams, or joining yoke and ruffle; and with these, velvet choux or loops are generally added.

And when you have looked at all of the rich combinations, you generally come back to the round, simple collar of heavy lace, that falls quite flat, in the regulation Vandyke style.

Your collar chokes you just a little more, every day. After a while collars and bonnets will be useless adjuncts of the toilet. The collar will serve the triple purpose, and we can abolish the other two. Is it a thing of beauty? I trow not. At least, not always. "That girl over there, with the big red thing, sticking out each side of her face,"—so my male friend designated a maiden clad in the latest cerise velvet stock. And he added: "What an ugly thing it is, too!" And yet, poor girl, it was irreproachable from the fashionable standpoint. Sometimes, when one wears of sticking out at just those particular side spots, one varies the conditions by sticking out all over—a sort of continuous, harmonious swelling that is less striking a block off, but more painful at close range than the side loops. One longs to run up to the suffering member of society, and release her from the contrivance into which her head has been decoyed. It is a thing of choux—one full cabbage after another, until you get around to the front again, and Greek has met Greek, and joined in deadly conflict. In the juncture, the girl suffers more than the roses; although so many of them are squeezed into those thirteen inches of space, that you could not distinguish velvet from chiffon, were they not of different hues. Deep brown velvet comes next pale yellow chiffon. Cerise loops intermingled with black velvet—and so on—you know the combinations. Below the suffocation of choux, there falls chiffon or ribbon, edged with lace, if you long for diversity.

Perhaps you are tired of choux. If so, you clasp yourself with an equally choking "fancy," made up of diverse bows—a big one across back and front, and various loops and ends sticking out between in most approved conglomeration.

The sage grown-up folks have departed this life. They fled in horror when the extravagances of the winter began to assert themselves. They bequeathed to the little ones all that the tots could carry of their wisdom. That is how it happens that the child puts us to shame this season. She is so sensible, and well-dressed, compared to the flirty creatures that call themselves women. Her dresses are warm and quiet. They are made of cashmeres and chevots and camel's hair and other materials that are woven in plain, undemonstrative tints. Red is the most obtrusive of all the school girl's colors; and even that is a deep wine this year. Simple white guimpes appear with many of the dresses, and shoulder and yoke ruffles are still in evidence. Skirts are full and plain. In fact, it is the best taste to dress chil-

dren that are anywhere from four to fourteen, in much the same simple fashion. The taller of the pictured girls has a gown designed for such use. This one has been made for a dressy frock, and is of brown velveteen, with the gathered guimpe of cream silk. The sleeve puffs are headed with four small frills of the silk, each edged with narrowest lace.

The other gown is a dancing frock, made a little longer than otherwise. It is simple enough for a school dress, however, with its rows of edging at the bottom of the skirt, its doubled puff about the embroidered yoke, and its puffy sleeves.

The lines of a child's figure should be considered to some extent. For instance, the tall, slim girl, will be clad in the full spreading frock, and the puffy blouses, with many shoulder ruffles about the yoke; while the short child inclined to plumpness has a dress that is devoid of fussiness.

A very pretty gown is made of a fine black diagonal, dotted with small orange spots. Its skirt has four or five rows of orange baby ribbon, for a trimming. Shoulder ruffles narrowing off into bretelles that point at the waist line, are of thin black silk, edged with the orange ribbon. There is no belt added. The waist is defined by a simple shurring of the material.

Another dress that is just a little dressier, is made of a mixed brown chevot, and has small figaro fronts of brown velvet, a velvet collar, and broad revers, also velvet faced. The bodice below is of satin, the same shade, laid in narrow side pleats from neck to waist. The belt is two narrow folds of velvet.



THE FASHIONABLE VISE.

Sometimes the child is a lady in miniature—a quiet little lady, however, one of the least obtrusive of the species in evidence to-day. Her skirt will be different perforce, for a Paquin skirt would never do for the fourteen-year-old; but her bodice is the fashionable blouse of my lady. It is overlaid with deep cream Vandykes, its sleeves have the Vandykes set in over the shoulders; and the collar is a high crush, with a flaring bow. She has also choked herself into a fur collar of chinchilla, that continues in the stole revers in front; put on her big brown hat, laden with tips and velvet, flung back her curls, and stepped forth to conquer.

For the strictly at home dresses, fond mothers love to robe their darlings all in white, summer and winter—white batiste or finest muslin, laid in tucks and alternated with beautiful insertions, trimmed with elaborate Irish lace; white China silks, and flaxen benedictines, the latter luxuriously ornamented with softest white fur, a little chinchilla, or narrow ermine. Next week we shall discuss bonnets and cloaks for sweet childhood.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

Thanksgiving Itchings.

Oh, the mellow, yellow autumn
Now is drawing to a close;
But its sadness brings a gladness
Till our spirits overflow
With a rapture that is finer,
And dixer, don't you know,
Than we felt when all the flowers
In the bowers were aglow.
For the gobble's hanging, banging
By the left leg in the sun—
From his crown unto his talons
There are gallons full of fun,
And to-morrow all our sorrow
And our trials and our stings
We will banish and they'll vanish
On the gobble's wings!

Oh, the farmer's very playful,
While a Mayful song he toots,
As he rambles through the brambles,
In his alligator boots.
He is living in thanksgiving,
And his pleasures with a jest,
And his heart is thumping, jumping
In the pocket of the vest.
For the lightest, whitest buckwheat
In his bin is lying deep,
And the cellar's full of cider
Where the spider is asleep;
And has hat he madly, gladly,
Tosses upward with a sigh,
In the shimmer and the glimmer
Of the pumpkin pie!

From the town of hustle, bustle,
Where there is no pensive charm,
Flies the dreamy, mellow fellow
For the banquet on the farm.
With the joyhood of his boyhood
For the country now he bounds,
Where the scene is never murky
With the turkey twenty pounds,
And the countryman delighted
And excited leaps the bars,
And the measure of his pleasure
May be noted on the cars.
As he hurries and he flurries,
With a neatness and dispatch,
For the rough and tumble jumble
Of the foot-ball mat!

—R. K. Munkittrick, in Truth.

England has forty ships engaged in South American traffic, Germany eight, and the United States only two.

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN,
WOMEN AND THINGS.Bernhardt's Bed—Sarah Grand—Mrs. Potter's Reminiscences—Witticisms
of Dr. Holmes.

Every one has heard of Sarah Bernhardt's curious bed, which is like no other one to be seen in France or elsewhere. It is nearly 15 feet broad, and when the fascinating Sarah is indisposed and receives her intimate friends reposing on a couch, she looks like a red-plumaged bird floating on a great sea of white satin.

Everybody likes to know how the people look who have said or done anything to arrest the attention of this busy world, if only for a single moment. And Mme. Sarah Grand arrested it for a very long moment, perhaps two of them, with her odd book, "The Heavenly Twins." She was one of the celebrities at the authors' dinner given in London some time ago and the men paid her marked attention on the occasion.

The paper from which I have gleaned my knowledge of her describes her as having a very fair skin, dark brows and hair, with large soft violet eyes, a combination of prettiness which is seriously marred by a chronic pinkness of her nose. She is not a very young woman, but is said to be modestly retiring in her manners, which are gentle and courteous to everybody. However variously she may be criticised, every one agrees that Mme. Grand wrote her book with a sincere and an elevated desire to benefit her sex.

The Sultana of Johore is exceedingly beautiful and is her husband's only wife. She is a Circassian, and was given to the Sultan by the Sultan of Turkey. This happened during the life of the previous Sultana of Johore, who was a princess of fabulous wealth and who did not take to the Circassian kindly. After the death of the Sultana the Sultan of Johore raised the Circassian to the rank of

Pharaoh and built over with a pyramid of famous names." A young physician once asked him for a suitable motto. "Small fevers gratefully received," was the instant response. He was complaining in a comical way to a lady of the minute portion of honey that was given him at a hotel at tea: "A mere trifle; the work of a very young bee in an idle half-hour." "Did they give you no comb, Doctor?" she laughingly inquired. Possibly one tooth, madam! At a charity fair he was asked to furnish a letter for the post office. He seized a sheet of paper and hastily scribbled off something, which he returned to his fair petitioner. On its face was written: Dear lady, whose'er thou art,

Turn this poor page with trembling care.
But hush, oh hush, thy beating heart,
The one thou lov'st best will be there.
When, in obedience to the poet's injunction, the leaf was turned, it disclosed a one dollar greenback, and on the blank page opposite:
Fair lady, lift thine eyes and tell
If this is not a truthful letter.
This is the "one" thou lovest well,
And naught (O) would make thee love it better.

—Kate Field's, Washington.

In the election for members of the London School Board Miss Davenport Hill defeated the Duke of Newcastle in the city by 8,000 votes. The Duke, however, gets in the School Board, as he takes the second seat.

The poll was the heaviest on record. Formerly the moderates had the largest aggregate vote, but now the position is reversed, the progressists polling 817,632 and the moderates 671,734. The latter, however, still retain a majority of the seats, holding twenty-nine against the progressists' twenty-six. The progressists gained six seats.

Appropos of the announcement that Mrs. Vanderbilt is to receive her divorce and a solace of \$5,000,000 into the bargain, it is recalled that she comes from a family much given to divorce. Her sister Jennie married Mr. Fernando Yznaga, and they were "amicably parted." Her sister Minnie married a French count named De Fombillot, but soon got enough of him. When the Vanderbilts family refused to support the French gentleman longer he burst into tears and went to work.

Miss Susan B. Anthony's next birthday will occur on February 15th when she will be 75 years of age.

Mrs. George Gould takes her daily outings in a fine new Sedan brougham. Her children have pony carts and ponies by the dozen, or at least, the half dozen.

Miss Elsie Clews has most of the photographs in her boudoir framed in porcelain, which is something of a novelty. The porcelain is decorated with delicate wreaths of violets or tiny roses.

Mrs. James Beekman, of New York, has an evening hat formed of bunches of roses and agerites, shimmering with emeralds and turquoises.

Cecil Clay, the husband of Rosina Vokes, has brought out a volume with this inscription: "Some tributes to the memory of Rosina Vokes, collected by her sorrowing husband to commemorate a life of infinite love and patience, of rare unselfishness, industry and genius, dedicated to her friends—that is, to all who knew her!"

An interesting historical study on the pocket handkerchief has just appeared in a German magazine. It appears that mankind is indebted to Italy for the introduction of that modest but indispensable accessory to civilization. According to the writer, the use of the pocket handkerchief was unknown in society until the first half of the sixteenth century.



6246.—LADIES' BASQUE.

Granite crepon is the material selected for this severely plain but stylish basque, the large fancy pearl buttons being its only decoration. The mode is shown among the latest importations of English tailor-made suits and ranks as a favorite with ladies of symmetrical proportions. Its simple glove fitting adjustment is effected with the usual double darts and seams, very generally shown in tailor made basques.

The closing in centre is hidden under the extension gore that joins to the right front and fastens invisibly on the left shoulder, diagonally down the left front to the waist line. Buttons and button holes may be used for closing if preferred. The pointed outline in front and postillion in back stamp the design in latest mode. Full leg o'mutton sleeves droop fashionably to the elbow, the lower portions fitting the arm snugly.

All styles of plain and mixed cloth, chevrot, tweed, homespun, serge, vicuna, will make up stylishly by the mode. A plain tailor finish is all that is necessary but braid, fur, gimp, passamenterie or velvet can be used to decorate if so desired.

Pattern 6246 is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. The retail price of pattern is 25 cents.

PATTERN No. 6246

Send TEN CENTS IN COIN AND
ONE COUPON TO TIMES OFFICE
AND GET THIS PATTERN.